



FOR MEN ONLY

A HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL with drawings by Wm. HOGARTH, Jr.



WARIOUS indeed are the phases of the domestic relation between husband and wife which we might analyze. We have discussed from the male angle family finances, recreations and emotional problems without having more than scratched the surface of this vast field for investigation. Yet, after all, it is possible to pursue the matter further to advantage.

I hear with my mind's ear a large female chorus crying shrilly "No!" Furthermore, I have received a number of protests from ladies who have taken violent issue with some of the deductions which have led me so inevitably to my high appreciation of my own sex. The truth is, our minds can never quite meet. Our acquaintance is made by conflict. The spiritual progress of the average married couple may be likened to that of the beetle, which is guided on its course by a series of collisions.

To me there is great beauty in this thought. A successful marriage, of which there are so many, is a sublime achievement because of the very hardships involved. There are many, I know, who would deny these hardships, but I fear they merely cover them up. They wish the married state to appear all beautiful, so they say it is so, and are bitter in their denunciation of those who point out its pitfalls. They sometimes fool themselves and travel across the lower plains of life, keeping to the broad highway of convention, where travel is comfortable and some of the views "quite pretty."

But it is the more adventurous spirit which, scaling the mountains of romance and imagination, gets into difficulties. Such a one, when he emerges triumphant into that phase of life at which a marriage may be said to be successful, is indeed a hero.

Both husband and wife are heroes, but especially the husband. He, as the more adventurous one, is subject to the more severe demands. There is glory enough for all.

A Woman's Place

There is, however, a sphere in which woman may be considered supreme. I refer to the home. Time out of mind we have been told that woman's place is right beside the good old hearth. I know this assertion makes our average young woman of to-day scream with rage. She denies it by every word and act. But let her deny it as she will she will inevitably in her later years be drawn of necessity to her job as janitress of her man's apartment, cottage or castle.

Home! What a beautiful word it is. What exquisite visions it conjures up of the family gathered about the evening lamp, the old grandmother gently laying down the Good Book and slipping up to bed with Scott Fitzgerald under her arm—not really, you understand—while the others stay to listen to the WYZ radio concert, a thrilling lecture, "Facts About Feet," by Dr. Roach, of the Yonkers Orthopedic Hospital! And everywhere in the vision are evidences of woman's handiwork, in the decorations, the flowers, the pictures, the rugs. These are all her thoughts.

But there is a curious lack of definiteness in this mysterious thing, the American home. By that I mean a definiteness of location. We are, it must be confessed, a nation on the move. Vanderbilt Pooch, the brilliant young

Chinese poet, founder of the Abattoir School, says: "Home is where the hash is."

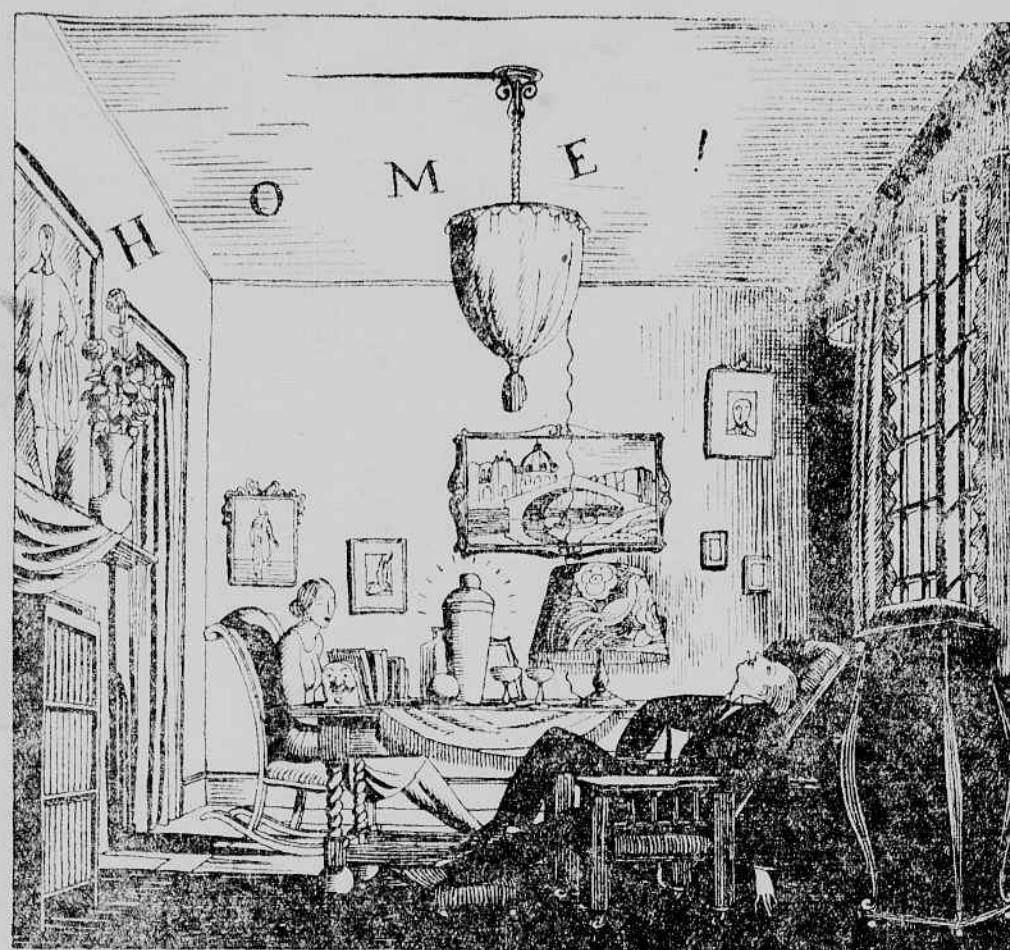
This is an exaggeration. There is hash everywhere. True, there are homes everywhere, but not your home and mine. The individual home is where the wife is. She is the embodiment of the home. She is it.

Haven't you noticed how, when a couple unfortunately break up and the wife goes to her mother, the subsequent legal papers always say that the husband deserted her? "Desertion" is one of the most popular pleas. "He deserted his wife and family!" Oh! the scamp—notwithstanding that she walked out on him and left the creamed oysters to boil all over the kitchen floor. But when she slammed the back door and walked out, the home went with her. She took it right along. Truly, if a woman's place is the home, the home's place is woman.

We are, as I say, on the move. It has been pointed out by acute European observers that practically no Americans live in the homes of their fathers. Each generation pushes on to something new. The old homestead is sold. The old farm is abandoned or cut up into building lots. I heard an old gentleman in Connecticut say with a sigh, "Yes, they're going to run the new trolley line right across mother's grave." Our traditions have, with few exceptions, failed to take root.

Atmosphere

We see, then, that what we speak of with such deep emotion as "home" is very largely an idea. By that I do not mean a mirage. Ideas are the most real things in the world. It is an emotional coloring which we apply to the particular spot where we are now living, or, rather, where the wife is living. But the location of an American home is subject to change without notice. I am myself at present occupying a pleasant little house in Holmhurst. Aided by several of the largest banks in the country I have purchased this handsome residence. I "own my own home." For years, as a renter, I argued against this principle. I pointed out very clearly that to rent was to save, that the carrying charges and



A typical American family just after they have moved into their new apartment

upkeep made owning a house absurd. Then rents went through that rocketlike ascent of a few years ago and, with fear and trembling and two large fat mortgages, I bought. Now that I have got used to getting notices from the bank without having heart disease I quite like the sensation. I can talk just as glibly from the owner standpoint as I did from the

tenant's. There are times when I actually feel that I own the house.

But, bless you, does this mean that I have a permanent home? Oh, dear, no. No matter who buys the house, it is always the wife's property. It is she who sells it. Many a time have I shivered as my wife looked about our living room with one eye fixed on the ceiling

stain over the sofa while she murmured: "Do you know, I believe I'll sell this house?"

Honestly, I never round our street corner without expecting to see a large "For Sale" sign on the front lawn!

Wives, in fact, are the restless ones. Give a man average comfort, a chair to sit in, a rug to knock his ashes on and two meals a day—he buys his lunch outside—and I verily believe he would stay in one spot for the rest of his life. Not so the woman. She is ambitious, she wishes for growth, change, increasing comfort and beauty.

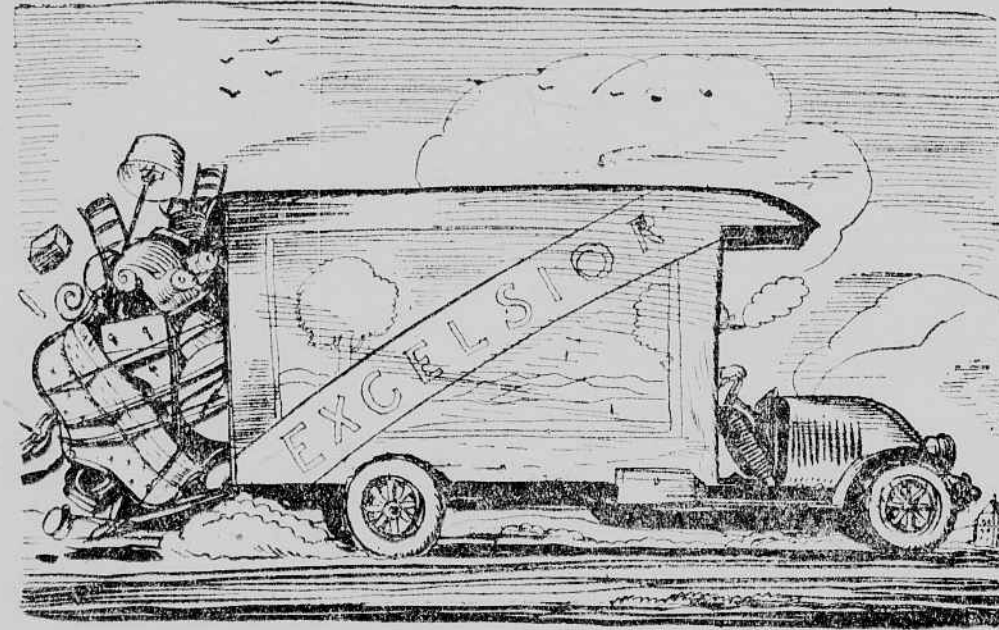
Man has his business to develop—he is contented to have his home remain static. But home is a woman's business and she likes to make it grow. If the means permit, she will move to a new location. I hear occasional references to Dingle Ridge, which is a new, very smart station about fourteen miles from my present location. There are veiled threats to move in that direction.

"What in the world is the matter with Holmhurst?" I occasionally ask.

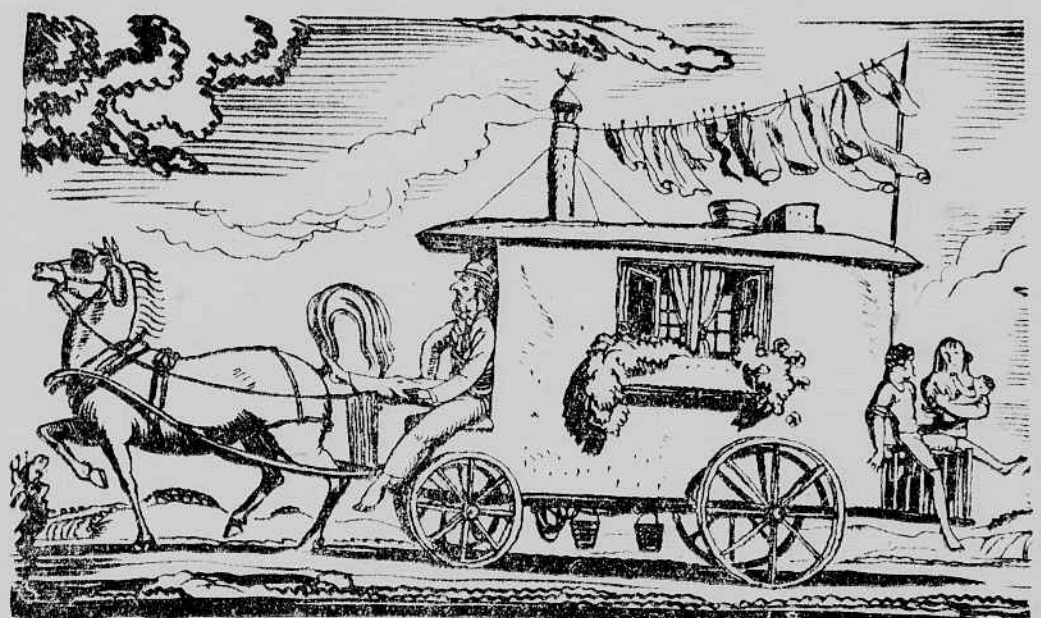
I am then treated to a lecture on the disadvantages of our charming village, its low altitude and malarial climate, its ever-changing population and its social impossibility until I blush to think of my low companions on the 5:15!

When actual moving from place to place is out of the question, a wife vents her suppressed desires in this direction by rearranging the furniture. If she cannot be in a new place she will make the old environment appear different. This is the urge back of spring house cleaning—the desire to shift the furniture about to the utter bewilderment of the home-coming husband.

Women, then, have the gypsy instinct. How much more successfully the Romany children solve their problem. For they take their home with them. Remark the exquisite quality of Mr. Hogarth's drawing, wherein we see the neatly appointed, spick and span gypsy home, a home which remains always the same and yet may command a new view every morning. Contrast this splendid method with our cumbersome one of moving all our goods and chattels from one fixed home to another.



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ARE SCHOOL TEACHERS HAPPY?

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

Illustrations by ETHEL PLUMMER

"ARE teachers happy?" "Yes, when their supervisors leave them alone. No, if they have any educational ideas." So I revised my query to, "If teachers aren't happy, why aren't they and what can we do about it?" The answers were many.

The query was suggested by the statement of Dr. William H. Allen, director of the Institute for Public Service, New York City, that unhappiness is the principal cause of the teacher shortage. In spite of generous increases in salaries in many sections of the country, in spite of comparatively short hours, Saturday holidays, long summer vacations and growing pension systems, recruits will not re-enroll. Schools are understaffed.

Dr. Allen recommends "happiness surveys" in public schools throughout the country to discover the causes of teachers' unhappiness. Perhaps a trifle nervous lest he be accused of sentimentalism, he justifies such an inquiry on the ground that it will not cost much and that schools cannot be the foundation of liberty and Americanism unless teachers are happy. But why bring in thrift and the flag? Isn't it obvious that unhappiness never did any one any good?

Once I was a teacher, but now I am saved. I used to wonder vaguely why I threw up a perfectly good job. The subject was too painful to be thought out clearly. Other ex-teachers seem to feel the same way. When a group of business and professional women are talking and some one asks: "How many of you have been teachers in your awful past?" a sort of a muffled yelp goes up. They all look a little sick for a minute, as if they smelt the schoolroom odor of sole leather, floor oil, wet umbrellas in the coatroom and artificially renovated air; as if they felt the pressure of school-house silence, composed of an infinity of noises not yet sounded; as if they heard ringing in their ears their own metallic voices, making

didactic statements on matters that have never been doubted.

Then some one hastily asks where some one else bought her jolly gray pumps or who is being analyzed now, or if the newest baby has come, or, oh, anything that isn't pedagogical.

When I read Dr. Allen's statement I realized that we stopped teaching because we were not happy. It was as simple as that. We just were not happy. We may not be laughing little buttercups in our later jobs, but we none of us go back to the schoolroom.

Some teachers stay in. Around 700,000 are coming and going, mostly women. Those I know—a small percentage, I grant—usually tell me that they are happy. Or would be if—if. Those "ifs" are our concern. Seven hundred thousand, mostly women, who would be happy if—

The "ifs" that stand between teachers and happiness fall into three sets: the general physical conditions under which work is performed, intellectual constraints inherent in the system, and emotional inhibitions which are sensed rather than comprehended.

Low salaries were formerly a constant source of exasperation, but salaries have now been raised. Many teachers who thought that they would be contented if only they could make ends meet are astonished to find themselves still dissatisfied. They now cite different reasons for their uneasiness: Classes are frequently too large, clerical work is sometimes excessive, old buildings are crowded, dirty and unsanitary, parents are likely to be unreasonable, discipline is difficult, some principals do not stand behind their teachers and others cannot maintain harmony among the staff. City, town and country schools present annoyances like these in varying forms.

These drawbacks are the ones most frequently talked about; partly because they are obvious and partly, perhaps, because they can

be remedied without starting anything. They are, in my opinion, contributing rather than fundamental causes of unhappiness. Every business and profession has equivalent defects. Many employees are overworked. The boss is

always wrong. Customers and clients are the limit. Why list these ordinary exasperations when teaching has a unique disadvantage? Teaching is the only work which must be performed with one's head in a feather bed—



They act like the French populace storming the Bastille

smothered in routine, stifled in conformity. Teachers discuss with calm vigor and lucidity the disadvantages I have mentioned. But when they begin to talk of the hindrances, thwartings and obstructions with which they meet, they cease being ladies and act like the French populace storming the Bastille! They want to smash something. The strain of teaching may come, not from its exertions, but from its preclusions.

"A city school system is too impersonal," one woman explained. "It is like the army. For instance, an ambitious teacher, who spent her last summer's vacation fitting herself for special work, was no sooner well started on the fall term than she was moved to another school where there is no chance to do that kind of teaching. Five minutes before the transfer came she didn't know she was to be moved. It just happened so."

"The schools are run on the factory system," said another. "Your work is cut out for you, handed to you by a foreman and you work on a time schedule. A visiting supervisor called one teacher's attention to the fact that she was three minutes behind her schedule!"

A school visitor added her mite of pessimism. "They never let up on the teachers," she bore witness. "During one recitation I saw a teacher interrupted five times by boys bringing notices and rules and regulations and requests for her to read and sign. While she was out of the room for a minute a sixth boy came in. He thought I was the teacher. He said to me, 'A conductor on the Second Avenue L wants a teapot.' 'By all means give it to him,' I replied. His errand seemed to me to have just about as much sense as the others had."

Lack of intellectual freedom is likely to be touched upon if the speaker has confidence in her listener. Teachers, it is said, are nervous about losing their jobs, since they have seen others dismissed for political opinions. Even

tels from one fixed home to another. What a horrible sight it is in the spring of the year to see great moving vans, which our friend Hogarth contrasts so wittily with the comfortable gypsy wagons. Into these vans must go all our most cherished possessions, our clocks, our precious china, our delicate chairs and—what is more precious and important of all—our home spirit.

The Touch of a Woman's Hand

Here it is that woman magnificently asserts herself. Impossible though it may seem, she is actually able to shift the exquisite spirit of home from one place to another. She packs it in barrels, she crates it in boxes, but she never loses it. It is her great, her supreme gift.

Gaze on the alluring interior which the great Hogarth has created. With what startling acumen he has caught the very essence of woman's genius, for here we see the Robinsons, a typical American family, just after they have moved into their new apartment. New, I say, and yet already so cozily familiar, with the old, well known pictures and bits of furniture to say "Welcome"; old friends to meet them on the new threshold.

Old friends! Ah, the magic of those dear familiar things, the pictures no family should be without, the standard sets of books, the regulation furniture. See, how the "Blue Boy" stands above the mantel! He has been given quite a modern touch since Mr. Duval made an exhibition of him in New York. At the Princess Louise descending the staircase—not the "nude," heaven forbid!—and the photograph of the Rialto Bridge in Venice! What could we do without them? Mr. and Mrs. Robinson have been in Venice and had their pictures taken in the Piazza with pigeons all over them; just fancy!

And then, in addition to these regular decorations, are the special, intimate, personal things—Henry's big, comfortable Morris chair and his set of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which he never moves without and never loses within. But they give tone. And the bulging victrola! Isn't it a beauty! It looks as if it were about to give birth to a lot of new records. And please do not fail to notice Mr. Robinson's pet book ends, the kind that always fall on the floor, and the dear old lampshade with the big fatuliva birds on it, that always give such a note of color to the room. But the crowning touch is Henry's cocktail shaker.

Artful Mrs. Robinson! She has given a central position within easy reach. The cranberry is ready and the orange juice is strained and in a few moments Henry will begin to orient himself and will find his way to the pantry. In fifteen minutes he will sigh comfortably as he absorbs his wife's share of his "dividend" which she tactfully refuses—once more, thanks to the unerring instinct in the home touch, the gentle spirit of rest and permanence will steal into his soul.

Woman! Woman! Who but you could this in the midst of our rushing, migratory life create these grateful oases of comfort and rest, gathering up our belongings, sweeping them, and us, from place to place with your incessant ambition and urge, and yet ever keeping the sacred fires of Vesta burning!

If we husbands seem to sneak out of the house and leave the business of moving to get our wives, it is only because we feel our incompetence.

Honestly, ladies, it is a gift.

those who have no opinions at all are afraid of offending some one, some how. Constant contact with immature minds is mentioned as stultifying. A teacher is expected to mold the coming generation into the likeness of the passing generation. For these reasons teaching lacks its rightful prestige. "Who's Who" finding its pages overcrowded, has dropped the educators from its list of eminent men and women.

When these women get to talking about the intellectual restraints of their profession they offer no cure-all. "You'd have to pull down the entire educational system," they think.

All right. Let's. And build it up anew along the lines of those model experimental schools that allow for the teacher having a mind worth using, even though a considerable percentage of teachers prefer dictation to the responsibilities of freedom, as some dogs feel safer on the leash.

Now, about the emotional inhibitions of teaching. Folks in general hold that it should be a celibate profession. For women, that is. Some cities actually fire women teachers when they marry, while other boards stand for marriage, but draw the line at motherhood. We cartoon "Teacher" with a knob of hair, a frown and a ruler, as naturally as we put "Nurse" on the magazine cover ministering to a fevered hero who wants to marry her the instant he gets well.

It is true that girls who teach do not have as many chances to marry as do those employed in most other kinds of work. A stenographer meets more men than women in the course of her day, while a teacher usually has to rely on church socials and the boarding house table. She may be pretty as a June rose all day long, but what good does it do her matrimonially? And most communities do not approve of her having too good a time after her day's work is done.

"The teaching was no end of fun," said a

(Continued on page twelve)